

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR

BY PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by the Author of "The Kindred of the Dust." Then See It In Motion Pictures.

This great story has been created into a wonderful photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Frank Borzage, and featuring Forest Stanley and Marjorie Daw. It is a Paramount picture.

FOR the first time in sixty years, Pablo Artales, the majordomo of the Rancho Palomar, was troubled of soul at the approach of winter. Old Don Miguel Farrel had observed signs of mental travail in Pablo for a month past, and was at a loss to account for them. He knew Pablo possessed one extra pair of overalls, brand-new, two pairs of boots which young Don Miguel had bequeathed him when the Great White Father at Washington had summoned the boy to the war in April of 1917, three chamberly shirts in an excellent state of repair, half of a fat steer jerked, a full bag of Bayo beans, and a string of red chili-peppers pendant from the rafters of an adobe shack which Pablo and his wife, Carolina, occupied rent free. Certainly (thought old Don Miguel) life could hold no problems for one of Pablo's race thus pleasantly situated.

Coming upon Pablo this morning, as the latter sat in his favorite seat under the catalpa tree just outside the wall of the ancient adobe compound, where he could command a view of the white wagon-road winding down the valley of San Gregorio, Don Miguel decided to question his ancient retainer.

"My good Pablo," he queried, "what has come over thee of late? Thou art of a mien as sorrowful as that of a sick steer. Can it be that thy stomach refuses longer to digest thy food? Come; permit me to examine thy teeth. Yes, by my soul; therein lies the secret. Thou hast a toothache and decline to complain, thinking that, by the silence, I shall be saved a dentist's bill." But Pablo shook his head in negation. "Come!" roared old Don Miguel. "Open thy mouth!" Pablo rose creakily and opened

a mouth in which not a tooth was missing. Old Don Miguel made a most minute examination, but failed to discover the slightest evidence of deterioration.

"Blood of the devil!" he cried, disgusted beyond measure. "Out with thy secret! It has annoyed me for a month."

"The ache is not in my teeth, Don Miguel. It is here!" And Pablo laid a starchy hand upon his torso. "There is a sadness in my heart, Don Miguel. Two years has Don Mike been with the soldiers. Is it not time he returned to us?"

Don Miguel's aristocratic old face softened.

"So that is what disturbs thee, my Pablo?"

Pablo nodded miserably, seated himself, and resumed his task of fashioning the hondo of a new raw-hide riata.

"It is a very dry year," he complained. "Never before have I seen December arrive ere the grass in the San Gregorio was green with the October rains. Everything is burned; the streams and the springs have dried up, and for a month I have listened to hear the quail call on the hillside yonder. But I listen in vain. The quail have moved to another range."

"Well, what of it, Pablo?"

"How our beloved Don Mike enjoyed the quail-shooting in the fall! Should he return now to the Palomar, there will be no quail to shoot." He wagged his gray head sorrowfully. "Don Mike will think that, with the years, laziness and ingratitude have descended upon old Pablo. Truly, Satan afflicts me." And he cursed with great depth of feeling—in English.

"Yes, poor boy," old Don Miguel agreed; "he will miss more than the quail-shooting when he returns—if he should return. They sent him to Siberia to fight the Bolsheviks."

"What sort of country is this where Don Mike slays our enemy?" Pablo queried.

"It is always winter there, Pablo. It is inhabited by a wild race of men with much whiskers."

"Ah, our poor Don Mike! And he is a child of the sun?"

"He but does his duty," old Don Miguel replied proudly. "He adds



Don Mike proffers his seat to beautiful Kay Parker to spare her sitting next to the self-important Jap. Left to right: Forrest Stanley (Don Mike), Alfred Allen (Kay's father), Warner Oland (Okada) and Marjorie Daw (Kay Parker). From the motion picture coming to the theaters soon.

to the fame of an illustrious family, noted throughout the centuries for the gallantry of its warriors.

cupped his hands over his eyes gazed long and steadily.

"Of a truth you are right, Don Miguel. Tony Moreno is the only man in El Toro who is forever out of a job, and the agent of the telegraph company calls upon him always to deliver messages of importance."

Moreno, on his part, doffed his shabby sombrero with his right hand and murmured courteously.

Struggle of the Last of An Ancient California Line to Save the Family Estate From the Hands of the Encroaching Japanese.

the gulf between them could not be spanned by the bridge of their mother tongue. He suspected Tony Moreno very strongly of having stolen a yearling from him many years ago.

Tony Moreno remembered his manners, and dismounted before handing Don Miguel the telegram.

"The delivery charge?" Don Miguel queried courteously.

"Nothing, Don Miguel," Moreno's voice was strangely subdued. "It is a pleasure to serve you, señor."

"You are very kind," And Don Miguel thrust the telegram, unopened, into his pocket. "However," he continued, "it will please me, Moreno, if you accept this slight token of my appreciation."

And he handed the messenger a five-dollar bill. The don was a proud man, and disliked being under obligation to the Tony Moreno of this world. Tony protested, but the don stood his ground, silently insistent, and, in the end, the other pouted the bill, and rode away.

Don Miguel seated himself once more beside his retainer and drew forth the telegram.

"It must be evil news," he murmured, with the shade of a tremor in his musical voice; "otherwise, that fellow could not have felt so much pity for me that it moved him to decline a gratuity."

"Read, Don Miguel!" Pablo croaked. "Read!"

Don Miguel read. Then he carefully folded the telegram and replaced it in the envelope; as deliberately, he returned the envelope to his pocket. Suddenly his hands gripped the bench, and he trembled violently.

"Don Mike is dead!" old Pablo queried softly. He possessed all the acute intuition of a primitive people.

Don Miguel did not reply; so presently Pablo turned his head and gazed up into the master's face. Then he knew—his fingers trembled slightly as he returned to work on the hondo, and, for a long time, no sound broke the silence save the song of an oriole in the catalpa tree.

Suddenly, the sound for which old Pablo had waited so long burst forth from the sage-clad hillside.

It was a cock quail calling, and, to the majordomo, it seemed to say: "Don Mike! Come home! Don Mike! Come home!"

"Ah, little traitor, who has told you that you are safe?" Pablo cried in agony. "For Don Mike shall not come home—no, never to more!"

His Indian stoicism broke at last; he clasped his hands and fell to his knees beside the bench, sobbing aloud.

Don Miguel regarded him, not, and when Pablo's babbling became incoherent, the aged master of Palomar controlled his twitching hands sufficiently to roll and light a cigarette. Then he reread the telegram.

Yes! it was true. It was from Washington, and signed by the adjutant-general; it informed Don Miguel Jose Farrel, with regard to his son, First Sergeant Miguel Jose Maria Federico Noriega Farrel, Number 755,438, had been killed in action in Siberia on the fourth instant.

"At least," the old don murmured, "he died like a gentleman. Had he returned to the Rancho Palomar, he could not have continued to live like one. Oh, my son, my son!"

He rose blindly and groped his way along the wall until he came to the inset gate leading into the patio; like a stricken animal retreating to its lair, he sought the privacy of his old-fashioned garden, where none might intrude upon his grief.

CHAPTER II. First Sergeant Michael Joseph Farrel entered the orderly-room and saluted his captain, who sat with his chair tilted back, staring mournfully at the opposite wall.

"I have to report, sir, that I have personally delivered the battery records, correctly sorted, labeled, and securely crated, up the demobilization office. The typewriter, field-desk, and stationery have been turned in, and here are the receipts."

The captain tucked the receipts in his blouse pocket.

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NEW YORK CITY Day by Day

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 19. PAGE from the diary of a modern Samuel Pepys! Up and cuffed my dog and in sorrow overfed him and he was ill all day. By post many letters, a brave one from Ring Lardner which I treasure. To breakfast with my cousin Lucy Virginia, who has become a bride and never was she prettier.

Walked aimlessly through the city and saw Gil Boag, Charles Cochran, the London play man, and Sir Chauncey Depew. It is pretty to see the toy shops, but Heaven! the prices. A trifling doodad costing a fortune. Put in at Earl Carroll's theater and sat awhile with Earl, who has been ill.

Honey and did my stint and with a noble spirit, too, albeit a group of roysters, merry and bright, held high carnival next door. Played a new Chinese game with my wife, poor wretch, but she was more adroit and beat me with fair ease.

A high wind blowing during the evening and flung down bricks and poles yet I donned my raincoat and ambled about, it being the sort of weather I most admire. So home drenched and to bed.

The skirt length is dropping despite the fight made by the Rainy Day Club of New York. It was the Rainy Daisies who first lifted women's skirts from the mire. They have passed resolution after resolution for stylists to keep their hands off. Yet the smartest women now wear their skirts almost to the ground and evening dresses are

developing the long train. A word of cheer—they say skirts may be shorter next spring.

In front of the Palace Theater—where actors loaf while the cop keeps up his cry "Exit Laughingly, Boys!"—there was a ripple of excitement in the late afternoon when Harry Lauder appeared with his new walking stick. It is a heavy section of a tree limb, knotted, gnarled, and winding. The Prince of Wales brought it to the comedian from India and it weighs seven pounds. It is as crooked in some places as Harry's legs.

Columbia's School of Journalism is going in for realism. Aside from reporter being sent out for big stories that happen in the town, the college has installed the news services of the Associated Press, International News and United Press, which come over special wires. My criticism of schools of Journalism is that the students do not come in contact with printers. Most of the knowledge of newspaper men comes from printers. I learned about the split infinitive from a stereotyper.

A rowdy little wren of the chorus drove up to her stage door the other night in her roadster. She was late.

"The manager told me to tell you that you were discharged," said the venerable door keeper.

"Isn't he the pussy's purr?" she laughed. "Tell him to read the morning papers and try to laugh that off."

It developed that that night she had married the "angel" who was backing the show, and the next day there was a new manager.

It was after midnight. In the darkened doorway of a department store near Forty-second street I saw a man fumbling uncertainly in the shadows. After watching him for a few moments I saw he was blind. In his hand he held a rose. "I was trying to take this flower," he explained, to "my little girl who lives in Sixth avenue." He thought it was nine o'clock in the morning. I walked to the door leading to the little apartment. "Will you put the flower in her mail box?" he said. "Her mother divorced me when I lost my sight." (Copyright, 1922, by The McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

NOT ALWAYS FOUND IN OUR TEXT BOOKS

Count Zeppelin, the inventor of the airship bearing his name, died March 8, 1917, at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, at the age of seventy-nine years. It was while acting as a military observer in the American civil war that he became interested in ballooning, making his first ascent in one of the captive balloons used by the Union Army. On his return to Germany he devoted his time and fortune to aeronautics.

The Rosetta Stone is a slab of black asphalt bearing an inscription which was the key to the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was found in 1799 by a French officer of engineers near Rosetta, Egypt, and is now in the British museum in London.

The Treasury Department says that the highest point the civil war debt ever reached was \$2,844,000,000 on August 31, 1865.

Edmond Hoyle, the Englishman, in 1742 published "A Short Treatise on the Game of Whist," and has since been the recognized authority on that game. He wrote other books on other games, and "according to Hoyle" is still a familiar phrase around the world.

"Santa Claus" is a Dutch corruption of the name "Saint Nicholas." Saint Nicholas is a much beloved saint of the Roman Catholic Church, and a special patron of the young. His feast day was celebrated in ancient times on December 6, and the nearness of this feast to that of Christmas Day has led to the union of the two.

Mr. Rockefeller's full name is John Davison Rockefeller, Sr. His middle name was that of his mother, whose maiden name was Eliza Davison.

On March 12, 1907, Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, announced that she had set aside the sum of \$10,000,000 to be known as the Russell Sage Foundation and to be devoted to the improvement of the social and living conditions in the United States.

John Wycliffe, an Englishman, made the first translation of the Bible into the English language in 1382. This Bible was a plain and literal translation from the Latin version. It was written by hand, and at first circulated in manuscript form.

The Constitution says that Congressmen "shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective Houses, and in going to and returning from same; and for any speech or debate in either House they shall not be questioned in any other place."

Latest Word From Paris By Marie Suzanne

(Copyright, 1922.)

PARIS, France. POIRET makes a frock of a particularly interesting silver lame, which features the short, square bodice he handles so extremely well. The sleeve bands and the narrow peplum across the back of the waist-line are of double thickness, so that they flare ever so slightly, and a line of metal buttons trims the bodice front.

THE sleeve in Le-long's black velvet gown might be spoken of as the sleeve of the season. It comes from a wide armhole and is full to the elbow, where it begins to taper gradually to a close wrist-band. From the elbow to wrist, silver cloth is used, and the gown is trimmed with silver galen.



HOME-TESTED RECIPES

CANNED TOMATOES FRIED—One pint canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 tablespoonful salt, 1/2 teaspoonful sugar, 1 cupful bread flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1/4 teaspoonful pepper. Place the tomatoes in a bowl, add the butter melted, the salt, pepper and sugar, and the flour sifted with the baking powder. Drop spoonfuls the size of a large oyster some distance apart on a hot frying pan containing a small amount of melted fat. Fry to a rich brown on one side, turn and brown on the other side. Place on a hot platter and serve at once. These cakes look much like fried fresh tomatoes.

LUNCHEON EGGS—Two teaspoonfuls chopped onion, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 cupful thin cream, 1 cupful milk, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 6 hardcooked eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1/4 teaspoonful paprika, 1 canned pimiento, 6 slices butter toast. Cook the onion in the butter until it is yellow, but not brown, add the flour, nutmeg, salt and paprika. When well blended together, add the cream and milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth and thickened. Cut the eggs into quarters lengthwise and the pimiento into strips. Arrange the eggs on the toast, pour the sauce over all, and garnish with strips of pimiento.

VIRGINIA LEE ON PROBLEMS OF LIFE

In order to assist the many readers who write to the Herald asking advice on matters of love and relations between men and women, the Herald has received the assurance of Virginia Lee that she will help them solve their problems. All questions should be addressed to her in care of this paper.

DEAR VIRGINIA LEE:

I'm so mad I just have to write to some one. Maybe you can help a fellow out of a tight place. My girl just sent back the ring I gave her two months ago, with a letter saying she'll never see me again.

I'm crazy about her, and I've been saving every cent so we could be married in June, but now I feel as though I'd like to go out and spend it all on getting drunk.

What's the use of scripping and saving for a girl who is so unreasonable and jealous that she won't listen to an explanation? Saturday night I was coming out of the barber shop, going right up to the girl's house, when a girl I used to go with a little came by. She's a nice kid, and I have always liked her, in spite of the fact that she hasn't a very good name in our neighborhood.

I walked along with her—we even talked about my being engaged, and first thing I knew we were, just outside her house. She's got a kid brother who is sick, and I ran in a minute to see him. Just as I came down her front steps I ran into my future mother-in-law! She went right home and told Jeannie. When I got there ten minutes later I was met by tears, indignation and outraged dignity.

It made me sore when she called that girl all kinds of things and I stuck up for her, which was about the worst thing I could have done, I guess. Well, I left her after we were both as mad as we could be, and now she sends back my ring. It's so foolish, but I just hate to go up there and try to explain. What can I do?

BILL.

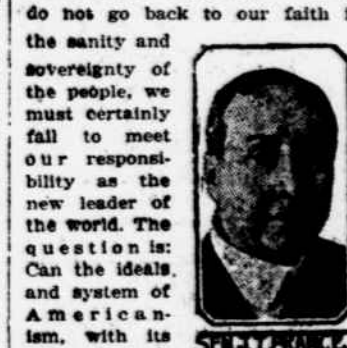
WHAT THEY SAY America and Mothers

ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL J. CURLEY, of Baltimore—America is becoming Mormon.

I think I would have more respect for the Mormon who marries, keeps and supports four wives at one time than the man who marries women in tandem fashion, discarding them one after another.

We are living in an age in which people are judged by wealth and position, in an age in which sin in high places is not often condemned and when the wealthy are suffered to enjoy privileges and prerogatives which are denied the poor. If a man has wealth or a place in society, he is considered worth while. But his value in the eyes of God, his position on the front page of his position on the front page of the daily press.

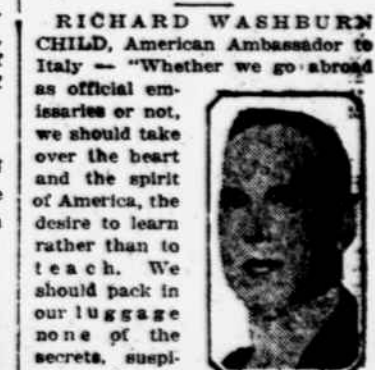
SENATOR JOSEPH IRWIN, of Maryland—"If we do not go back to our faith in the sanity and sovereignty of the people, we must certainly fall to meet our responsibility as the new leader of the world. The question is: Can the ideals, and system of Americanism, with its doctrines of liberty, equality and popular sovereignty, prevail? Can America lead the world out of a wilderness of hatred, intolerance and destructive waste? Only through true Americanism, the spirit of mutual consideration, conciliation and helpful co-operation, which must first be restored in America. The flame of the love of liberty must be rekindled in every American heart, if we are to lead the world. Absolute honesty and a return to constitutional liberty are an imperative necessity."



MRS. WINIFRED S. STONER, author and educator—"I believe that Nature intended that a child's first lesson should be given him by the mother; that she, because of her great love, may teach him more in a few minutes than a teacher who does not love him, may give him in hours of enforced study. I believe that a child should be educated from his first breath to his last. Nature abhors a vacuum, and if his mother doesn't fill his mind with something good it will be filled somehow with what is bad or worthless. The reason why the weight of neglect have choked so many talents is simply that the mother didn't discover them in time, in proper study of the child."



RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, American Ambassador to Italy—"Whether we go abroad as official emissaries or not, we should take over the heart and the spirit of America, the desire to learn rather than to teach. We should pack in our luggage none of the secrets, suspicions, hatreds or intrigues which are today cramping the nerves and sinews of the world. We must pack honesty and directness and the 'yes' and 'no' of a nation which has grave problems of its own, but has no fears. We must not try to be propagandists, but prefer to keep our eyes upon a world as it is rather than upon a world as we like to imagine it. We must build on facts, and believe less in preaching than in good example."



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